LONDON DRAMA

MRS. CAMPBELL AS NELSON'S ENCHANT-RESS-ROMNEY'S PORTRAITS-NEW METHOD OF BIOGRAPHY.

London, February 12. Mr. Pinero's plea for the problem play is that if it be nothing else it is at least carnest drama. "Nelson's Enchantress," produced last night at the Avenue Theatre, is neither one thing nor the other. Its author, who is said to be a daughter of Admiral Hornby, a midshipman under Captain Hardy, does not appear to have had any definite purpose. The only questions which the audience was called upon to solve were trivialities. Did Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in any of her many gowns, look like Romney's famous portraits of Lady Hamilton? Was it possible for Mr. Forbes Robertson, with an empty sleeve and a naval uniform of the Trafalgar date, or with a choice assortment of moral and patriotic platitudes and a bit of stilted love-making, to personate the greatest of English naval heroes? These were minor matters which concerned the actors and mildly interested the spectators. The author of this vapid play had no problems to suggest and not a single dramatic passage to present. Her work was as empty as Lord Nelson's sleeve.

Indeed, the here of Aboukir and Trafalgar was only a minor figure in this play. It was the study of a siren disinfected and whitewashed and masquerading as a patriot. She is first discovered in Romney's studio, communing affectionately with Charles Greville, and bewildering his cold and practical mind with vagaries and eccentricities which he cannot understand. The past is a sealed book, of which not a hint is offered, and her relations with this sardonic, cal-

It is a proud English woman's patriotism that illumines her face when she sees him; but almost at once he pours out his love with blind infatuation into willing ears. The intrigue is continued in the third act, but Lord Nelson preaches a

Historical accuracy is sacrificed in order that | ingly the interests of public morality may be promoted, and the choice of a dangerous subjectthe temptation and weakness of a lion-hearted hero-may be justified. This might be endured if a play of real dramatic force were produced. As it is, there is neither truth nor drama. Lord Nelson's marriage is suppressed and the numer-Nelson's marriage is suppressed and the most intrigues of Amy Lyon, alias Emma Hart, ous intrigues of Amy Lyon, alias Emma Hart, are passed over in silence, and the enchantress and the most famous among her infatuated and the most famous amon stage lovers animated by platon'c affection like Romney's, and by a lofty spirit of patriotism;

and when history has been wantonly misrepre-

sented, there is naught in reserve except a

ries of stage tableaus without inherent con-

nection, artistic motive or dramatic spirit. Since there is nothing in the play-writer's work to merit critical attention, the production of this piece must be attributed to woman's caprice. Mrs. Campbell has been experimenting with many parts since her triumph in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and, having the charm of a unique personality, she has never wholly failed to please a large number of admirers. Juliet, Lady Teazle, Magda and the Rat-Wife in "Little Eyolf," she has tried in rapid succession, and apparently she has an elastic faith in the resources of her art and in her ability to invest any part with intense dramatic interest. "Nelson's Enchantress" seems to have been written expressly for her, and possibly it was done because she had a whimsical desire to wear some of the picturesque costumes in which Romney has painted Lady Hamilton. There is a model's graceful dress of white muslin when she is sitting in the studio at the spinning-wheel; there is an Empire gown of white satin ablaze with diamonds for the ballroom, and a wonderful train of yellow velvet lined with biue and caught up with pink roses; there is a costume of blue slik and white tarletan for the parting with her lover, and there tan for the parting with her lover, and there decreases a continuous beauty for her is a lace gown of wondrous beauty for her dream of Nelson's death. All these costumes are becoming, and Mrs. Campbell easily succeeds in reproducing some of the characteristic effects of the Romney portraits. She also delivers her lines well, in a voice which is clear and melodious in tone, while it is, perhaps, so deliberately measured as to be monotonous.

If artistic dressing and musical elocution could save a bad play, "Nelson's Enchantress" would be entitled to a successful run at the Avenue Theatre. Mrs. Campbell has the support of Mr. Forbes Robertson, the best elocutionist now on the English stage, and also of an efficient company. The play is also well staged, and everything has been done since it left the playwright's hands to make it successful. It met, however, with a hostile reception on the first night, for when the manager came forward at the close of the performance for the inevitable speech of thanks, he was greeted with many hisses and signs of displeasure.

A PATRIOTIC MOVEMENT.

After many years of organized agitation and effort, the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square is decorated once a year from the crowning figure to the Landseer ifons at its base. This has been a patriotic movement, and it has commanded popular sympathy, for sea power is generally recognized as the basis of England's greatness, and Nelson was pre-eminently the most heroic of her sea captains. To buriesque this movement by putting Lady Hamilton on a high pedestal as the genius of Platonic affection and unselfish patriotism is to affront public sentiment. Lord Nelson belongs at the top of the column because he saved the nation at a crisis of its history. Lady Hamilton belongs in the skeleton-closet, with the door closed and tightly padlocked. If the door be unlocked at all, it must be for adequate cause, to establish the truth of history, to enforce the ends of public morality, or to supply the motive for an artistic drama of human emotion. In this instance there is no ground for justification. History has been falsified, public morality sacrificed by thoughtless idealization of guilty passion, and an inartistic and vapid picture-plays produced. a patriotic movement, and it has commanded

guilty passion, and an inartistic and vapid picture-play produced.

Picture-plays, it is true, sometimes succeed even when they lie entirely outside the range of dramatic criticism. "The Sign of the Cross" was condemned by every veteran playsoer when it was first produced in London; but, from the box-office point of view, it has been most profitable, and Mr. Barrett has made a fortune out of it. "The Daughters of Babylon," a similar picture-

play with Scriptural phrases, turgid rhetoric and duil stage artifices, has taken its place at the Lyric Theatre, and may have as successful a run, with the support of classes of playgoers who are not attracted by ordinary play bills. Neither of these pleces possesses real artistic merit or dramatic value; but both appeal strongly to religious sentiment, and enlist the sympathy of large classes whose taste, perhaps, has not been sufficiently considered by recreation managers. "Nelson's Enchantress" is not a drama of this order. It is a picture-play without any intelligible motive, and it repels public sympathy and interest by degrading a national hero through the exhibition of his own weakness and the shallowness and vulgarity of the adventuress whose name is linked with his own.

A LESSON FROM FAILURE.

A LESSON FROM FAILURE. The failure of some plays is more significant and has a higher educational value than the success of many of the theatrical hits of the times. The most useful incident of the last London seawas the abrupt abandonment of "Michael and His Lost Angel" after it had been produced by a strong company with a fine stage setting. It was a problem play, which parodled and caricatured religious emotion, and was characterized by insensibility to some of the deepest things in human nature, such as respect for a good mother's memory and reverence for the spiritual side of human life. The failure of that piece was a welcome sign of popular reaction against overwrought and unnatural emotionalism as embodied in the problem play. It convinced Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and all the English playwrights that it was necessary for them to develop new resources of their art, and to provide the stage with more wholesome literature. The failure of "Nelson's Enchantress" cannot have equal influence, because it is a vastly inferior work, made up of detached episodes which have no dramatic connection or unity; but its success would be a public misfortune. It would popularize a new method of national blography by which real greatness of character might be wantonly sacrificed and vice and weakness idealized. catured religious emotion, and was character-

Lady Hamilton was undoubtedly entitled to fered, and her relations with this sardonic, calculating admirer are glossed over as easily as possible. When he cynically tells her that she is in his way and advises her to fascinate Sir William Hamilton, she declares in a paroxysm of excitement that she will either be that worthy gentleman's wife or adopted niece. This is right and proper, and Romney is ready to fight in defence of her honor and virtue.

The second act introduces her as Lady Hamilton and preaching about honor and force of her honor and virtue.

The second act introduces her as Lady Hamilton was undoubtedly entitled to more considerate treatment than she received from Parliament, when the hero of Trafalgar and the Nile bequeathed her as a sort of romantic legacy to his country. But it is nothing less than a ghastly and unseemly thing to have the skeleton closet opened within a stone's throw of Trafalgar Square and the lions. Mr. Forbes Robinson grows red in the face and looks thoroughly ashamed of himself while making love to Lady Hamilton and preaching about honor and duty; and well he may. The spectators, who are taken behind the scenes and asked to give Lady Hamilton in her Romney costumes the benefit of the doubt, are depressed and humiliated to more considerate treatment than she received from Parliament, when the hero of Trafalgar Square to his country. But it is nothing less than a ghastly and unseemly thing to have stone and the lons. Mr. Forbes Robinson grows red in the face and looks thoroughly ashamed of himself while making love to Lady Hamilton and preaching about honor and duty; and well he may. The spectators, who are taken behind the scenes and asked to give Lady Hamilton in her Romney as a sort of rom martic legacy to his country. But it is nothing the hall be set to his country. But it is nothing the holds of the selection closet opened within a stone's throw the skeleton closet opened within a stone's throw of Trafalgar Square and the lions. Mr. Forbes and the lons. Mr. Forbes and the lons are the selection closet opened wi

A POISON FACTORY.

DRUGS ENOUGH TO KILL THE WORLD.

brugs end the third act, but Lord Nelson preaches a good deal about patriotic duty and moral obligation, and when Sir William Hamilton is dead his widow cautiously expresses a plous hope that she and Lord Nelson may be married as soon as the curtain falls after a tableau of a grantic parting at Merton Abbey when Lord Nelson sets out to fight his country's greatest battle at Trafalgar; and the curtain falls after a tableau of the death scene in the cockpit of the Victory, and the awakening of the enchantress from her dream to hear the newsboys shouting "extras" in the streets and to receive with dignity and loss and England's imperishable glory.

NEITHER HISTORY NOR GOOD ART.
This is not history, but that is of little consequence. Some of Shakespeare's plays, notably "Richard III," are utterly untrustworthy as history, but they are dramatic and artistic works. "Nelson's Enchantress" is neither good history nor good art. It presents Lady Hamilton as a dreamy, affectionate and intensely patriotic woman, who was sinned against by Charles Greville in her days of innocence and whose worst indiscretion was listening to Lord Nelson's ardent love speeches before he got his second breath and was in good preaching form. Historical accuracy is sacrificed in order that the later of the works in question, while piloting the remaining the hours called and gisantic strength as would remained the most casual observer by the red is heart of the work of

almost instant death, even when taken in exceedingly minute doses.

"Next to anhydrous acid," remarked the proprietor of the works in question, while piloting the writer round the factory one day recently, "the most deadly stuff we make is cyanide of potassium. Last year we turned out over one thousand tons of it, and, five grains being a fatal dose, it follows that our output of this chemical alone would have been sufficient to kill 2,500,009 people. Altogether, we manufacture, in the course of each twelvemonth, enough deadly poison to depopulate the United Kingdom. This may seem a somewhat startling assertion, but it is, nevertheless, well within the truth."

t was a picture such as would have delighted the cart of a Rubens or a Titian. The glare reflected rom the seething mass of white-hot liquid poison! the lambert play of the furnace fires. And ever nd anon a phantom face, enveloped in an uncan-try-looking glass mask, peering through the thick, metuous furnes, right into the heart of the horri-

In another room were tons upon tons of the fin-ished product, looking for all the world like white crystallized sugar. "It looks good enough to eat," I remarked jocu-

"It looks good enough to eat," I remarked jocularly "Ah," replied my guide, gravely, "that is just one of the dangers we have to guard against. For some inexplicable reason, cyanide of potassium exercises a remarkable fascination over the men engaged in its manufacture. They are haunted by a constant and ever-recurring desire to eat it. They are perfectly slive to the fact, however, that to give way to the craving would mean instant death, and are consequently usually able to resist it. But not always. During the time I have been here three of our best and steadlest workmen have committed suicide in this strange manner, impelied thereto apparently by no cause save this mysterious, horrible longing. I myself have feit the same strange lust when I have been long exposed to the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave the works for a time in consequence. So well is this curious fact recognized that there are always two men at work together in this branch of our business, and a jar of ammonia, which, as you may know, is the antidote to the poison, is kept constantly near at hand."

almost all the mercurial proson, in common with almost all the mercurial preparations, is exceedingly treacherous, and prolonged exposure to the fumes is often attended by very dangerous consequences.

To persons unaccustomed to its proximity, even a comparatively short sojourn in that part of the works devoted to its manufacture sometimes gives rise to various umpleasant symptoms, as the writer can testify. In my case, ten minutes' exposure to the fumes sufficed to induce profuse running at the eyes, nose and mouth, accompanied by a constant desire to expectorate, and followed by shivering, nausea and headache. The room in which this particular poison is prepared, with its wast collection of strangely shaped stills and its maze of pipes and retorts, resembles an alchemist's laboratory.

Of course, not all the products of this weird factory are poisonous. Neither are all the smells nauseous, nor all the sights uncanny. In one apartment, for instance, my nostrils are saluted with an exceedingly sweet savour, reminding me of 'peardrops,' sweets beloved of my youth. It is acetate of amyl, the precise drug used to give to the confection in question its peculiar flavor. Another smaller chamber, from which emanates a strong odor of camphor, is a veritable fairy place of pure white crystals. Facsimiles of palms, ferns, and masses of tropical vegetation droop in graceful festoons from the roof, and completely cover the walls. A reproduction of the interior of this wondrous chamber on the stage of Drury Lane would be sufficient to assure the success of next year's pantomime. Of course, the flowers and ferns are composed of neither lee nor snow, but pure white camphor crystals.

Some of the substances are so exceedingly volatile that during the process of manufacture they must never be permitted to come into contact with the outside air. A typical case is that of ether, which is passed from still to still and from retor; to retort by means of long copper pipes, until at last it emerges the finished article of commerce. I

IT BORE APPLES NINETY YEARS.

Winchester (Ohio) correspondence of The Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

On the farm of Enoch McCall, near Wrightsville, this county, stands an apple tree that has been hearing fruit for ninety years. It is a yellow bell-flower, and was planted when this whole region was almost a solid forest. Five feet from the ground it measures nine feet six inches in circumference, and it would take a basket forty-eight feet wide to set under the tree to catch every apple that falls. The tree shows some signs of decay now, but it is thought the year 1900 will find it producing.

feeble word with which to describe their state of mind. The accounts of the meetings which have recently been held in Webster and Chickering halls show to what a pitch the national patriotism has been aroused. Many of the Greeks here desire nothing so much as to return to their

the traditional lionskin as the only drapery. Around and above the ermine edge is the crimson border, which sets off the whole to striking ad-

words and music of the Greek patriotic hymn are reproduced by permission from John Philip Sousa's "National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Lands." Copyright, 1897, by Harry Coleman.

"FLOYD'S FIRE."

UNKIND COMMENTS OF A SCEPTICAL TECHNICAL JOURNAL UPON A WON-DERFUL WESTERN INVENTION.

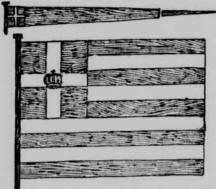
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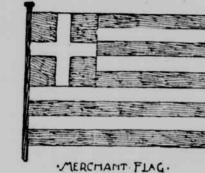
"The Cincinnati Enquirer" is responsible for the statement that a substance has been discovered which is practically an unquenchable fire. It describes it as of the consistency of paste, harmless while in a quiet state, but blazing forth with a blue and unquenchable flame of the greatest intensity by the slightest friction. It says:

"There is no explosion or rapid spreading of flames, but a strange, pasty substance, composed of living fire, which cannot be stamped out or killed in any known way. . . . The cost of mak-

home to join the army, and the Consulate down-







- MATIOTYAR-FLAC AND PENTANT -

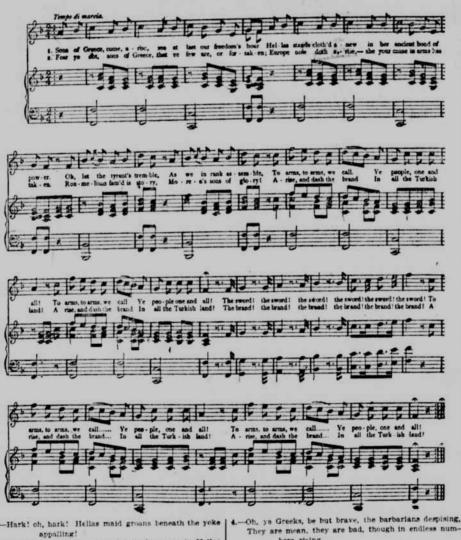
troubles began, by numbers of these loyal sons. Lack of money, however, puts an insuperable barrier in the way of most of them.

The Greeks in New-York are chiefly florists, the majority being the proprietors of sidewalk stands. They are sober and industrious, but, starting as they do with nothing, it is natural that few of them are even what could be called comfortably situated in life. They are thus unable to afford the money for a return passage to Greece, and the Consul, Mr. Botassi, is appealed to for the necessary funds. But he does not encourage the men in the plan, and he explained to a Tribune reporter yesterday his reasons for this attitude.

"What Greece needs now," he said, "is money. She has men enough at home who are ready to fight, and recruits are continually coming in from all parts of Asia Minor and from the various islands in the Aegean. I am forwarding to

troubles began, by numbers of these loyal sons, | ing this liquid fire is so small that it can be easily

GREEK PATRIOTIC HYMN.



not? help! oh, help! on her sons is Hellas

calling.
To burst her bends asunder; To raise toward the sky

The sword! the sword! the sword! the sword! the sword! the sword! To raise towrad the sky Proud signs of victory!

bers rising.

From slavery we'll sever

Ah! liberty forever! Now forward through the flood. Through foemen's crimson blood!— The sword! the sword! the sword! the sword! the sword!

trovert, and the evidence at hand that the un-quenchable fire is what we assert it to be is none other than the statement that it is "still in its in-Athens all the money I receive, and I must say that, considering the circumstances of most of the Greeks in this country, the contributions are wonderfully generous. But it would be a waste of the much-needed funds to use them in sending back men, when their presence is not reing back men, when their presence is not appropriate and that, of course, we have nothing to do with."

The popular patriotic song of Greece, "Sons of Greece, come, arise!" which is far more widely sung at all patriotic gatherings than the older nasung at all patriotic gatherings than the older national hymn, is given herewith. Its stirring effect when sung in chorus by the ardent subjects of the King of the Hellenes may be imagined. In sentiment it is nothing if not warlike. The Greek hatred of the Moslem Turk breaks forth flercely in the second verse: "Arise, and dash the brand in all the Turkish land! The brand!" etc. The third stanza tells of the appreciation of the second verse which Greece labors, and The brand!" etc. The third stanza tells of the appalling roke under which Greece labors, and the fourth and last proclaims a final victory, despite the "endless numbers" of the barbarians.

Now forward through the flood, Phrough foemen's crimson blood!

other than the statement that it is "still in its infancy."

We do not see, however, that Floyd's fire is anything remarkable. It is stated that to fry anything it is only necessary "to hang the pan from a wire and smear over the bottom with a spoonful of the liquid," and that "the cook of the future can take her fire out into the country."

That is quite commonplace, but if the stuff would hang itself from a wire in a pan, and take the cook out into the country, or the pan would hang the spoon on its bottom, and smear the cook over the country, or the spoon should wire the cook that the fire was smeared over its bottom—if it was possible in truth to say any of these things about it, then we should say that Floyd's deathless fire was out of the ordinary and likely to be useful.

It is strange what importance the lay press sometimes attaches to really trivial matters.

HYPNOTISM AT A FIRE.

Palestine (Tex.) correspondence of The Galveston

The brand!" etc. The third stanza tells of the appalling yoke under which Greece labors, and the fourth and last proclaims a final victory, despite the "endless numbers" of the barbarians.

Now forward through the flood, Through foemen's crimson blood!

are the words of closing appeal.

Greek flags and the royal arms of the country were conspicuous decorations at the Chickering Hall meeting. The colors of Greece are blue and white. The merchant flag, which is carried on all ordinary occasions, has blue ar white Forizontal stripes and a white Greek cross in a blue field in the upper corner. The man-of-war flag differs from this only in having a crown in the centre of the cross. The royal ensign is a square flag, the corners of which are blue, leaving the centre standing out as a white cross. In the middle of this the royal arms are emblazoned.

The arms themselves are picturesque and beautiful. Upon a field of ermine there is set a blue shield. In the centre of this is the white Greek cross. Leaning upon the shield at each side are colossal figures of Hercules, in flesh-color, with

while, a boy had gone for the hypnotist, who came up, requesting those holding the gentleman to release him, remarking: "He is only sleepy." Then, gently placing his hands on his head, he said: gently placing his hands on his head, he said: "You are almost releep; you are going to sleep. Now, when I count three you will sleep." The man ceased his struggling and slept. He was allowed to remain quiet for only a few minutes, when the hypnotist began to talk to him, assurting him that he would soon awake, and would know nothing about what had happened, which he did at the operator's command, and in amazement asked how he came to be there and what had soiled his clothes. The babe was brought to him, assured have to be there and what had soiled his clothes. The babe was brought to him, and the hypnotist quietly slipped out of the crowd and departed. Scepticism in regard to hypnotic power is a back issue here, and the most learned men are the ones most interested and puzzled.

HE HUNTED FOR GRIDLYS

THE ECCENTRIC LIFE-WORK OF ALAN

OF THAT NAME.

RIED BY A GRIDLEY WIFE, WAS AR
RIED BY A GRIDLEY CLERGYMAN, AN

CHRISTENED HIS BABY GRIDLEY.

The Pullman car passenger's quiet neighbor is next chair had put aside her book and was was ing the flying landscape, when her reverie was to be the said: the comment of the crowd and departed. Scepticism in regard to hypnotic power is a back issue here, and the most learned men are the ones most interested and puzzled.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE.

HOW IT IS FURNISHED-NOTES BY AN ARTISTIC FURNISHER.

From Answers (London).

It is a very fortunate circumstance for the 3,999 trades of the United Kingdom engaged at the present momeat in the production of high-class furniture that the millionaire, as a rule, being a very astute person, lights shy of antiques, the sale of which profits no one but the dealer. He will occasionally give 150 guineas a pair for old cut-glags decanters, invest a few thousands in Sèvres, or plank down at Christie's i4,090 for a necklace of black pearls once the property of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. I have known him even to buy suits of North Italian three-quarter armor at 500 guineas, but old furniture he shuns.

Collectors may think a Louis XV gilt suite, up-holstered in the famous Gobelins tapestry—which, after 200 years' wear, looks as good as new—dirtcheap at 5,000 guineas, or ransack Europe to procure an upright secretaire of the Louis XVI period, in parqueterle, with massive mountings of gilt-bronze. The millionaire will have none of them. Originality is what the millionaire sighs for when furnishing, and what he is prepared to pay any money to secure. From Answers (London).

furnishing, and what he is prepared to be money to secure.

Not long since one of the richest men in the world went secretly to Naples. He had heard that the authorities were prepared to dispose of some marble columns which had been excavated from the ruins of Pompeli. He bought the lot, twelve in all, at fi.000 each. When he found that his library, for which he had intended them, could only accommodate seven, he had the remaining five destroyed, although he was offered double what he gave for them.

CURTAINS AT \$40 A YARD.

which he was offered double what he gave for them.

CURTAINS AT 440 A YARD.

A West End firm, which is now furnishing the country residence of one of these gold kings, paid fi,500 for the design of the 18-a-yard curtain intended for one of the reception-rooms. Not content with sending a man he could rely on to content with sending a man he could rely on the country residence of one of the sea gold kings, paid to see that the design was not appeared he had the loom cards on which the pattern was drawn destroyed, together with the pattern was drawn destroyed, together was executed, though the light of the country was as a rule, are too sensible when furnishing to limit the expenditure. When perfection is required, carte blanche must be given. They also rarely interfere in the work-not that a millionaire is necessarily destitute of taste. On the contrary, their suggestions are frequently valuable. Once I discovered that some books of silver-leaf, intended for the decoration of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads, which formed part of the oak man of the leads of the lead

and cold water. Attortion the discovering the last 100 feet square, is the most unique bedroom in the world.

In the houses of other millionaires there are many more expensive bedrooms than this. There is one in London remarkable for its hall of marble, on the principal bedroom of which no less than 69,000 has been lavished. As the limits of this article preclude a detailed description, it will be sufficient to say that the decorating of the ceiling cost i3,000; the draperies of the room, which are composed of the finest Brussels net, interwoven with silk, i2,000. The bedstead, of solid ebony inlaid with sold disgree, over £2,000; the rest of the cutlay is represented by dressing tables of solid silver—replicas of the celebrated silver plate of Knole Park, Kent, a silver table similar to the one at Windsor Castle, silver chairs, etc. Then there are hair-brushes the backs of which are solid gold mounted with diamonds; toilet tables mounted in sold, a porcelain washstand costing it,000, and the like.

IVORY FURNITURE.

IVORY FURNITURE.

On account of its growing scarcity, ivory is being largely used in the decorations of millionaires houses to-day. For chairs of solid ivory, inlaid with the rarest woods, £120 is a common price, Not only is the ivory itself dear, but the cost of carving, owing to its hardness, is something tremendous.

carving, owing to its hardness, is something tremendous.

In the decorations of one room which I have in my mind no less than £20,000, out of a total cost of £4,000, was for ivory work. Round the forty panels—each of which is draped with the finest silk damask, at 96 shillings a yard—and the forty pictures, all painted by R. A.'s, which surmount the panels, runs, in addition to a border of gilt enamelled white carving, a broad framework of ivory so elaborately carved that the work took two years to complete. Walipapers, however costly, are now never used in papering the principal rooms of a millionaire's house. The finest silk fabrics give a sheen and a justre which put wallpaper in the shade.

Needless to say, it requires something out of the

shade.

Needless to say, it requires something out of the ordinary to gratify the taste of a millionaire in the matter of planos. When Mme. Anchorene, of Buenos Ayres, gave some £3.000 for an Erard, following the Queen of Portugal's example, who gave about the same sum, the world stared and wondered. What will people say to £38,000, which was the sum actually paid for the most expensive plano ever made?

dered. What will people say to £38,000, which was the sum actually paid for the most expensive plano ever made?

Here, again, the costliness of Ivory makes itself felt, for so intricate and minute was the design of the 5-inch ivory band which runs around the base of the instrument that after three and a half years' incessant labor the brain of one of the two brothers engaged on the work entirely gave way. The great beauty, however, of the instrument lies in the Steinway case, the decorations of which were designed and executed by one R. A.—although two were engaged, at £1,500 each, to do the work.

Following the example of one of the R. A.'s mentioned in connection with the forty panels—who, on learning that his work was to go on top, and not inside the panel, clapped an additional £200 on to his price—he agreed to allow the exquisite panel he had prepared to be fixed inside the plano, where, of course, it will never be seen, for an additional £250, which was paid.

If ever the palace in which this piano reposes is burgied, it is to be hoped the instrument will not attract the attention of the thieves, for the four sapphire eyes of the two ebony couchant lions are worth £250 apiece.

But it is when laying down or buying plate and wine that the modern millionaire opens his pursestrings. He has been known to refect saddles from Morocco offered him at 200 guineas each, and declare £180 too dear for Tunis rugs worn threadbare by much kneeling of the children of Allah; but in the matter of plate and wine he recks little of the cost.

The plate of the millionaire—who a few years

by much kneeling of the children of Allah; but in the matter of plate and wine he recks little of the cost.

The plate of the millionaire—who a few years since was comparatively poor—assumed during last year such proportions that it is now looked after by a gentleman with a salary of 1500 a year, with four assistants to keep it clean.

Not long since, I am told, some genuine Schloss Johannisberg, every bottle sealed, and every cork stamped with the crest of Prince Metternich, was sent to a West End wine dealer to sell. The millionaires who attended in response to the invitations issued bid so furlously against each other that the wine merchant was able to wire the impoverished county family who sent him the wine that he had sold it all for file a bottle.

The desire of the millionaire to hold a monopoly is strongly shown in wines. Having been told that the vineyard which produces the Romanée Conticomprises only seven acres, one South African offered to buy the entire yield for the next ten years at 15 guineas a bottle. As, however, the bulk of the wine is divided among the crowned heads of Europe, the offer was declined.

The Marquis of Bath has in his cellars at Longleat some of the famous Leisterwein of 1540, the golden color and beautiful bouquet of which are still unimpaired. When it was announced in the papers that the death duties had hit the present Marquis very heavily, a certain millionaire offered him f20,000 for the contents of his wine-cellar. The offer was declined.

Money meits quickly in a millionaire's stable, especially when the ladies of his household with

was declined.

Money meits quickly in a millionaire's stable, especially when the ladies of his household ride and drive. It is simply wonderful how delicate are horses which cost over a thousand guineas. It is the same with the billiard-room. When a billiard-room costs £8,000 to fit up, it is not surprising that the cues are iniaid with gold, and that the marking-board is made of silver.

ing the flying landscape, when her reverie was short by the entrance of her husband from the rection of the smoking car, bringing with his handsome man about thirty-five, with a rema ably earnest pair of dark eyes.

"My dear," said the stronger half, "let me pent Mr. Gridley to you. I have just had pleasure of a little talk with him in the smok, and I know you will be interested in hearing his life-work.

The Pullman car passenger took up her bo-and lost the opening sentences of the convers-tion, but her attention was attracted by an & clamation from the quiet woman. "Do you mean that you do nothing but go about and hunt for Gridleys?"

"Not exactly that. I travel for pleasure; I as very fond of it, but when I find that it going i little out of my way I can meet a new tridley, gives me the greatest pleasure to look his up." "Do you always find them-nice?"
"I have yet"-this was said with the greatest

fervor-"to find an undestrable member of my family. May I ask, madame, if you have any connections by my name? I have already sked your husband, and find to my regret that we canor claim kinship." "I have no Gridley relatives." The lady's

did not indicate any deep regret on her part. "It's a great pity. On this trip I haven't fou a single cousin; and when I went to Lower Ca fornia last winter, following up what seemed to 1 an excellent clew, I was grievously disappointed I have been telling your husband about my effort in the way of family research, and he seemed to think that you, too, would be interested. Shall I

begin at the beginning?"
Without over-enthusinsm the quiet neighbor said that he might, and he "sailed in, full canvas." "My earliest interest in the matter was aroused by the fact that my mother, by blood, though not by name, was a Gridley, and that by a singular and most fortunate accident—but can I honestly call it an accident?-my first school teacher hore our honored patronymic. During many conversations with this teacher, a very charming fellow—he is the god-father of my eldest son—I had established the fact that he was a cousin of the ninth degree, and I became so absorbed in my researches that I made up my mind to make the study of my family my first object in life. My brother and I were educated together until it came time for us to go to coilege, when we separat d. John going to Harvard, while I carried the family name and tra-

ditions to Yale. We were forced to adopt this course because there had been Gridleys at both universities since their foundation." (Let me here interpolate that I had to turn my fead to assure myself that the man was not reading aloud, so steady, ceaseless and unbroken was the flow of "My father's death, just after I was graduated, giving me a well-invested fortune, left me free to follow out my own wishes. I finished my law studies, and then, after my admission to the bar, went abroad. While there I was engaged in a corre-spondence on the subject of the Grdleys with all

the genealogical societies both in the country and England, and came home with a good deal of satisfactory information. My mother had died, and the first year that I had the old houseopen-I must mention, by-the-way, that I am a lennsylvania Gridley-I had the pleasure of having seven cousins, more or less near, to spend thee or four months with me. I am sorry to say tat, though I got on delightfully with all of them, sme of the usins quarrelled among themselves n a way that caused me great pain

"I was so occupied with my pleasanttask that I did not think of matrimony until I was about twenty-eight years old, and then, to my reat distress. I found that among all my new-fond relatives there was not an unmarried girl unde thirty. I was about to offer myself, I am ashame to say, rather reluctantly, to a most worthy coust about seven years older than myself, when I foud that in North Carolina there was a branch of thefamily which I had entirely overlooked, and the the head of that branch was the father of three augh-

and asked permission to pay my addresses to ne of his daughters. Of course, I could not presue to make a choice at such a distance, but I sugested that if he did not object I might go dow and spend a few weeks with him, getting to kno-the young ladies, and thus being able to make

choice—and letting them do so as well.
"He answered my letter at once, saying that he hardly knew how to respond-as a victim of the

"He answered my letter at once, saying that he hardly knew how to respond—as a victim of the war, from which he had never recovered financially, he was not so situated as to ask me to visit him, nor could he make any promise for any one of his three daughters, but there was a good hotel within a mile or two, and if I was so minded they would be glad to make my acquaintance. I left the next morning on my quest for a wife. Madam, the gods favored me; three loveller and finer young women never lived than my three cousins.

"I stayed at the hotel three months. At the end of that time I was most happily betrothed to my middle cousin. Then a very scrious question arose. My heart was set upon having the marriage ceremony performed by a Gridley, and the idea was pleasant to my fiancée, though she did not feel quite so strongly as I did on the subject. So far as I could discover, there was not a clergyman—living, I mean; we number many distinguished divines among us in the past—of the name. I searched in every direction. I put advertisements in the leading papers of this country and Great Britain for information in regard to a clerical Gridley, no matter of what denomination. I set my lawyers on the scent. At last, when I was almost in despair, having spent a year and a half in the search, I found that there was a recently ordained young clergyman in the south of England named John Gridley. Imagine my relief. I telegraphed the good news to my betrothed and then cabled to ask the young man if he could come (of course at my expense) to perform my marriage ceremony on the third day of the next month. Receiving no answer to that or a second message I started for England. I found that the young fellow had taken me for a lunatic, and was convinced that the whole thing was a hoax, even after seeing me. At last I convinced him of my sincerity, and persuaded him to come home with me. I got him a leave of absence, and found him a most charming traveiling companion.

"We were married in May, and I tried my best to persuade my brot

the lady.

"What? Madam, there was but one name—Grideley."

"Not Gridley Gridley? You never thought of giving the poor baby such a name as that?"

"I not only thought of it, my dear madam; I didit. My cousin John got another leave and came over to christen him. It was a memorable occasion. The father and mother Gridleys, he sponsors Gridleys, the officiating clergyman a Gridley, all the guests Gridleys? I flatter myself that it was positively unique. One hundred and twentynine Gridleys, some of them meeting for the first time about the christening bowl of the youngest living Gridley."

"Is he dead?"

"My son? Little Gridley? Here is his photograph. Does he look dead?"

"He pulled out a picture of a lovely baby boy, two or three years old, who seemed fully as alive and happy as any child ever seen. There was another photograph in the same case of the childs mother, a very pretty, but weary looking young woman—perhaps she had had too much Gridley. At that moment the Pullman car passenger destination was reached, and she did not hear the last of the story of the Gridleys. Oddly enough, a few months after, she met some one who knew that particular Gridley well, corroborated all his state ments, and assured her that he was perfectly sane, the most benevolent and kindly of men, as every Gridley had cause to know, once he fell into the clutches of the far-away cousin.

HIS JOKE SAVED HIM.

From The Buffalo Enquirer. A man was up before a judge the other day for stealing coal. The railroad detective said he caught the fellow in a coalear, but the man said that he was only sleeping there because his wife had locked him out and he had no money to go to

whotel.
"Pretty hard bed, wasn't it?" asked the judge.
"Oh, no, sir." he answered, "it was soft coal."
And the judge was so struck with the joke the

TWIN COCOANUTS.

From The Philadelphia Record.

A curiosity in the shape of twin cocoanuts, whose combined weight amounts to over thirty-seven pounds, was brought to this port on the British ship Bandaneira, which arrived at this port last Wednesday from Table Bay, Africa, Captain Falch, the master of the Bandaneira, states that the freak cocoanut grew in the Seychelles Islands, which lie to the eastward of Madagascar, and so far as development and weight are concerned, it has never been equalled. With the husks on, tweighed twice as much. The curiosity was secured on the vessel's run to South Africa, and it now adorns the Bandaneira's cabin. The Bandaneira is one of the largest sailing vessels which combined to load oil for the Orient. From The Philadelphia Record.